

Dead Kennedys, Pull My Strings

I'm tired of self respect
I can't afford a car
I wanna be a prefab superstar

I wanna be a tool
Don't need no soul
Wanna make big money
Playing rock and roll

I'll make my music boring
I'll play my music slow
I ain't no artist, I'm a business man
No ideas of my own

I won't offend
Or rock the boat
Just sex and drugs
And rock and roll

Drool, drool, drool, drool, drool, drool
My Payola!
Drool, drool, drool, drool, drool, drool
My Payola!

You'll pay ten bucks to see me
On a fifteen foot high stage
Fatass bouncers kick the shit
Out of kids who try to dance

If my friends say
I've lost my guts
I'll laugh and say
That's rock and roll

But there's just one problem

Chorus
Is my cock big enough
Is my brain small enough
For you to make me a star
Give me a toot, I'll sell you my soul
Pull my strings and I'll go far

And when I'm rich
And meet Bob Hope
We'll shoot some golf
And shoot some dope

Is my cock big enough?
Is my brain small enough?
Repeat chorus, etc. etc